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## A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
Stubbs Final Effort.

(Continued)  
"But a chap needs matches," he thought again. "Once I've got them the way's clear." He roiled himself painfully from the mattress, and stood shaftily upright. The daylight filtered in through various cracks and crannies; outside the strong breeze rustled cheerfully, telling of miles flung astern—telling to Stubbs of shortened miles ahead and a tribunal of justice. He began to stum about the place by the winch and the boiler. He groped everywhere, only to meet with disappointment.

"Chips" used to keep a box of matches "in here," he said, "but the old times he might have left some."

He opened the door of the fire-bar with difficulty, and searched the ashes with his eyes. Then those eyes brightened suddenly, he put forth one hand, and withdrew it—it held a match-box—Swedish, sardines, grimy and half-empty, but still containing several of the "handstickers." He tried one with shaking fingers; it fluffed into light and burned satisfactorily.

"It settle the—" he thought cruelly, and began to unpick the knot of the lashing that held the cover of the ventilator down securely.

It was a long task, requiring endless rests, but he had much time before him. The slightest sound outside—he had grown to recognise the steps of the three who moved about the decks these days—sent him back, apparently asleep, to his mattress, but as soon as silence reigned he was again at his task. He succeeded in removing the canvas cap, but the stout wooden plug held him at bay for long. Even this, however, succumbed eventually, and before the night fell the ventilator-shaft yawed wide.

"I'll waken at midnight," he thought—he could not speak by reason of his injury—"and that'll give me a clear six hours. They don't trouble me much at night." He carefully deposited the matches in his pocket, placed the canvas cap in position to hide the missing plug, and lay down to sleep, in spite of his pain.

Leigh looked in at eight bells, and heard his studied snores with something of a shudder. All had gone beyond their wildest dreams so far—the weather had been propitious, they had managed the steering between them, and though the strain was great, they had that in their hearts that bore them up as on wings of light.

Stubbs awoke by instinct at midnight, for no bells were run on deck. He groped his way towards the ventilator, fearful to strike a match lest its gleam should be seen aft, took off the cover, and then crawled into the wide shaft. It was torturing work—he suffered from agonising spasms of pain, but he persisted defiantly. The man's reason was tottering, he saw only red before his eyes. A great need had come upon him to kill and kill, that he might be saved the misery of the gallows. What matter if he went up in a whirlwind of fire?—he would have his revenge on that smooth-faced whipper-snapper who had foiled him in his planning.

He dropped with a thud on a pile of cases and bales, and struck a match cautiously. He was in the Zoroaster's 'tween-decks—not far away aft was a stout wooden bulkhead, through the interstices of which showed thick felt. It was the magazine, as ordained by regulation for the carriage of explosives. The Zoroaster was carrying out four hundred tons of ammunition to Sydney—enough powder to destroy a fleet.

Down there in the musty closeness sounds from the deck could not be heard, and his agony made him unconscious of the sudden heave and lift of the ship. A squall was bearing down out of the west, and Alleen and Leigh stood together at the helm, keenly watchful. Stubbs looked carefully about him. For one moment an idea

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again, and the fire crackled with a jubilant note.

Leigh sniffed suspiciously as day broke ahead. The squall was past long since; Alleen had gone into the chart-room to sleep. He looked along the deck fixedly, and his senses told him that something was wrong. But he was not an alarmist, and he strove to compose his fears. Once more a draught of air brought an acrid smell to his nostrils. He sniffed again, his face growing whiter and a curious line deepening beside his nostrils. A curl of blue smoke was floating out of the donkey-house door.

"It must be the steward, lighting the galley fire," he said to himself, unconsciously. "Of course, that's it, but I don't remember seeing him come on deck." No, it certainly could not be the steward—that was evident, for there was that functionary slipping up the companionway and appearing on the poop.

"Did you put the galley fire out last night, steward?"

"Yes, sir, I surely put 'im out. For why?"

"Nothing 'bout that, and tell me where that smoke comes from. And don't make a fuss, for Heaven's sake!"

A hundred thoughts chased through his brain, whilst the steward was being the men down below in the fore-peak—they had been strangely quiet—had given but little trouble, yet had not this very quietness covered a vague menace? Daily he and the steward had carried food and water to the main-deck Leigh standing over the hatch with a loaded revolver in his hand, whilst the steward lowered the victuals down in a bit of rot. Leigh was not the man to trust the rascalions further than he could see them. They had been very quiet, but he had not taken sufficient precautions. Why only to-day, if all went well, he was going to release them and set them to work, driving them below as soon as they had performed their appointed tasks. But now—he should have searched each man—for it was quite within the bounds of possibility that they had set fire to the ship in malice, hoping thus to have still one more chance before they were lodged in gaol.

The steward had examined the creacks of the donkey-house door, and came back flying.

"I think de ship on fire, sar!" he cried hoarsely. "De donkey-house smokin' good and hot."

"Take this wheel a bit. Watch what you're about." The steward had learnt a little of the mechanical part of steering, for he had been compelled to take his turn at the work within the last fortnight. Leigh handed the wheel to him, and ran lightly along the deck, the keys of the donkey-house ready to hand. He flung open the door, and fell back before the pouring smoke that volleyed forth. Then, holding his breath, he dashed in again. He saw the thick smoke from the open ventilator, but even then the full meaning of it did not strike his brain. He never connected Stubbs with the matter, for he said that Stubbs was a dying man. But there was the smoke, gushing forth horribly, forcing him back to the deck. It was impossible to stay longer in the room—he groped about for a plug to stop the ventilator, but found nothing. Out on deck again, clapping the doors to with a mad instinct to keep the new enemy within bounds—only to find other ventilators spouting largely, and the smoke hang ing like a cloud over all the fore-deck.

(To be continued)

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Section 32: "It shall be unlawful for any person under the full age of eighteen years to drive, or use for payment, hire or reward, whether direct or indirect any carriage, cart, truck, express wagon, sleigh, slide, catamaran, or other horse drawn vehicle primed for hire or for any commercial purpose within the limits of the city of St. John's; and any person under eighteen contravening the provisions of this section, or any person paying, hiring, employing, or rewarding such person, shall upon conviction thereof, forfeit and pay for every offence a sum not exceeding ten dollars."

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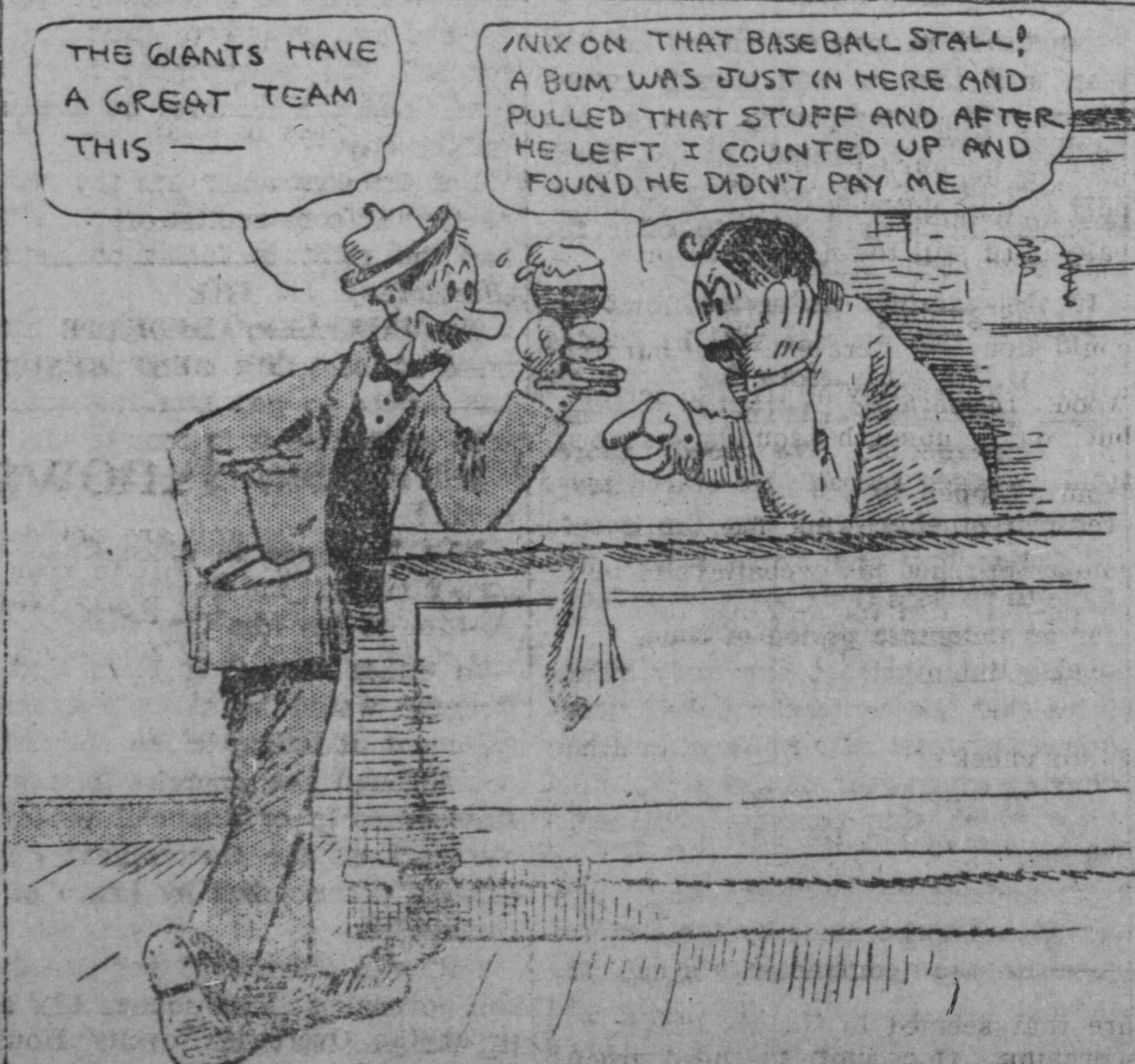
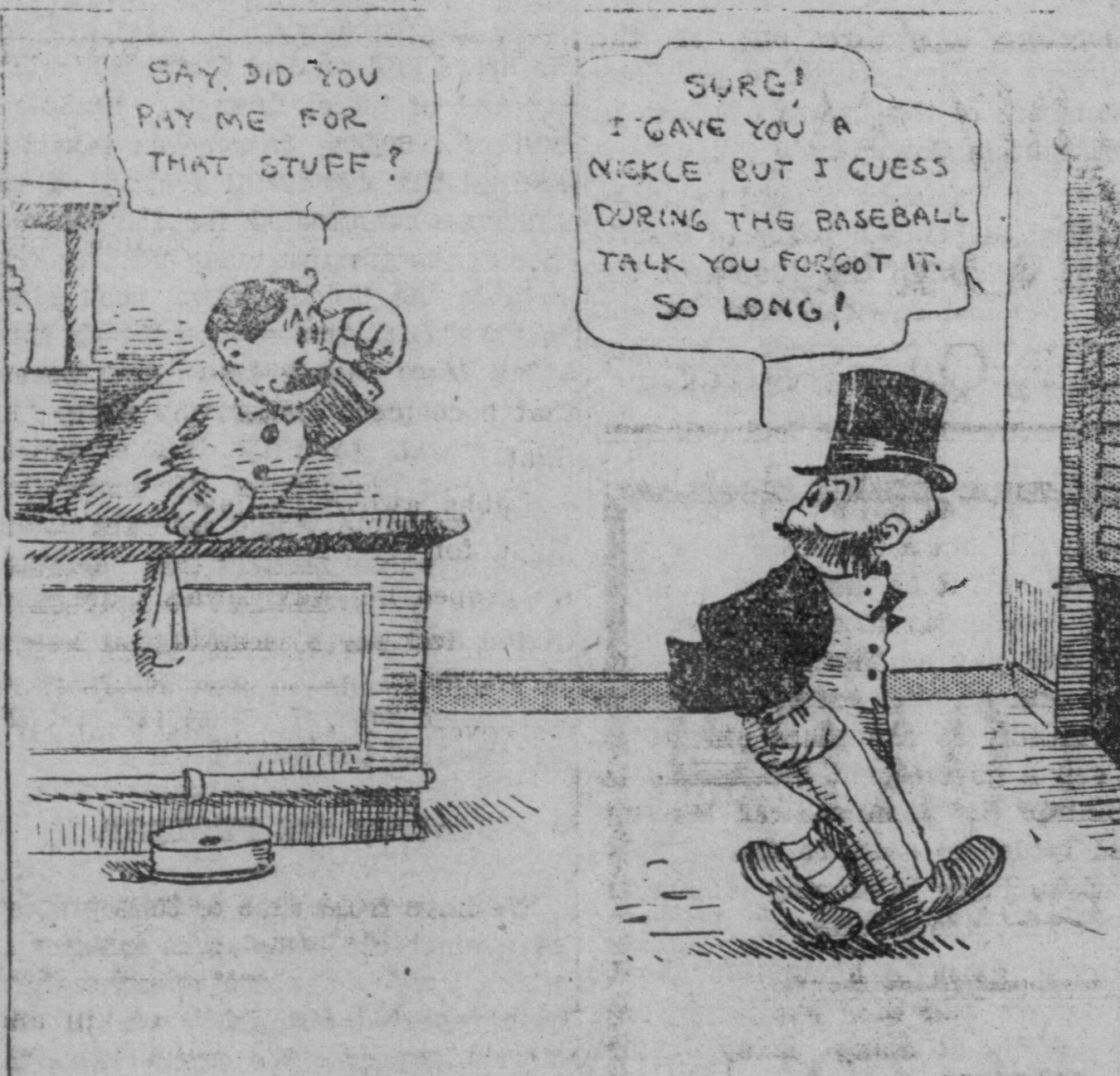
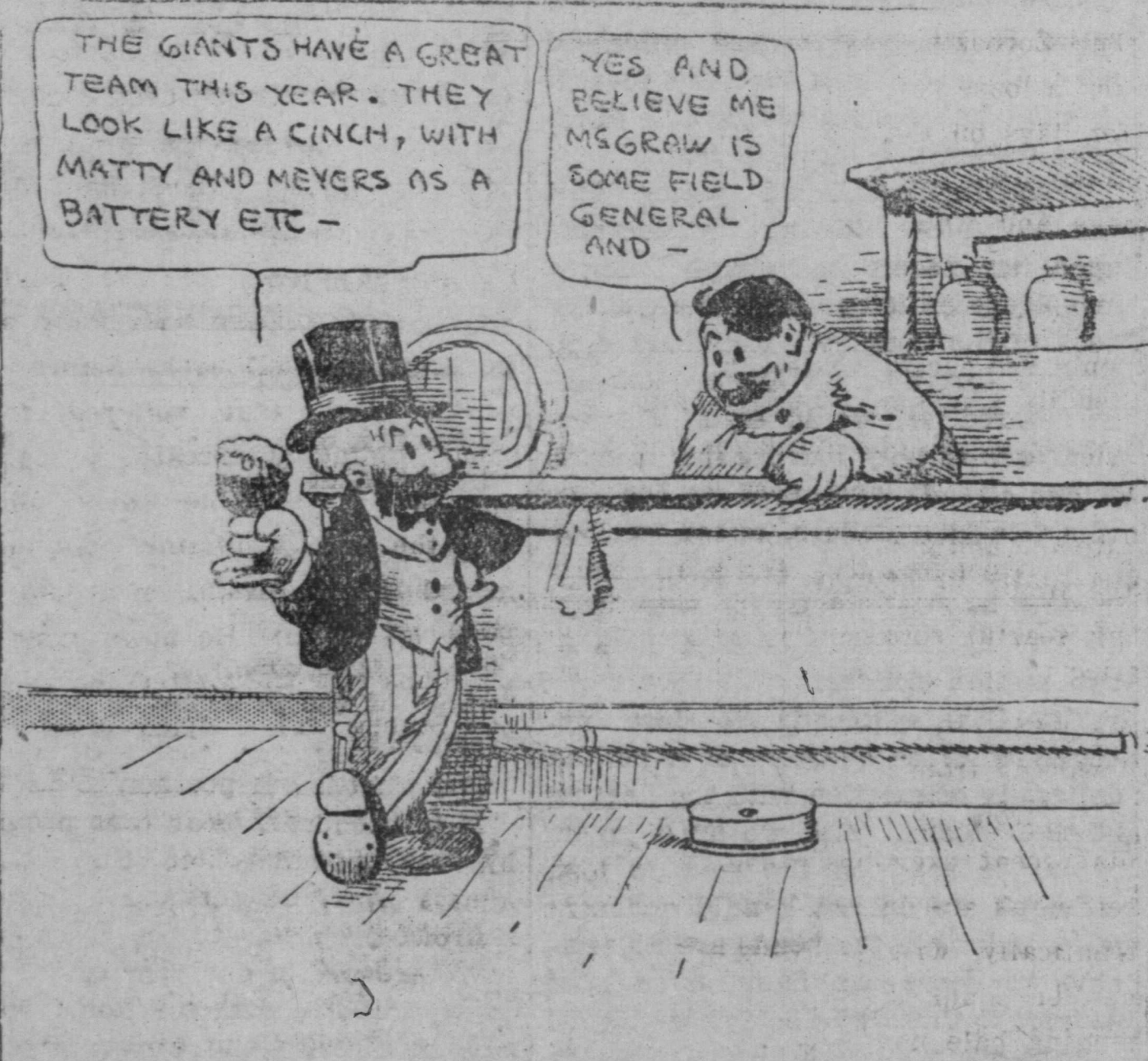
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## SOUNDS WARNING NOTE ABOUT THE BIG DECLINE IN THE LOBSTER FISHERY

Mr. Coaker—Mr. Chairman, in regard to the question of the propagation of lobsters, Mr. Dee in his report states that in the last year the falling off in the catch has amounted to 21,000,000 lobsters. These figures are very serious and require a great deal of attention and consideration, which I trust they will receive when the matter comes before the Committee appointed last night.

Mr. Dee supplies a great deal of information, and although I do not agree with a great deal that he has done, I must congratulate him on this report. I believe he has devoted quite a lot of time in preparing it. He says that in the District of St. George's it took 281 lobsters to fill a case. I make bold to say that the figure approached nearer 400.

**No Tally Kept**  
A great many of these lobster packers do not take the trouble to keep tally of the number of lobsters packed, and there are some who would not report it. I am satisfied that in St. George's the figure was very near 400 to the case. He says in Fortune Bay it took 307. There is no district in the country that has smaller lobsters than Fortune Bay. The fishery has been overworked, so I think that 307 does not come within 100 of the truth.

Twillingate is marked as 179 for the average. In its best years it took 150 on an average. And I think that now 250 is probably near it.

I started lobster packing 26 years ago in Green Bay. I went down there at the age of 16. We often took 20,000 in a day, and we used to pay about 60 cents a hundred, and out of that 20,000 we often threw away thousands. I have seen as high as 14,000 dumped out at one time. This was a serious matter, and a lot of people did report it, but no action was taken.

**The Big Day**  
Saturday was the day we took large quantities of lobsters. It happened this way. All the week the fishermen would go around catching

them. There was no trouble about it. All they had to do then was to hook them. Then twenty skiffs would arrive on Saturday with lobsters. So that in one day as many as 20,000 would come from a radius of ten miles.

There was tremendous waste of this valuable wealth of the country, and no steps were taken to stop it. Now we are waking up to find the lobster fishery gone. Mr. Dee tries to make out that these things can even now be remedied. I have no doubt that there are not 50 out of the 5,631 men engaged in the lobster catching that ever throw a lobster back into the sea.

**Not Thrown Back**  
Very few can tell whether they are male or female, and no one can tell whether male or female from the back. They are simply caught by the back, and in the rush they are thrown into the boat without a thought. No one thinks of throwing them back; not because they do not know, but because they will not do it.

The lobster-to-day is worth ten cents. The Government offers five. There will not be fifty who will carry out the law. When I was fishing lobster, I was farming at the same time. It was to my advantage to protect the ground I was fishing, and I would not allow anyone to catch here. It was worth \$300 a year to me, besides being a great pleasure. After working on the farm all day, I would go out for two or three hours on the water. But as soon as I gave up, eight or ten men came and cleaned up the ground, and now you would not get half a case where you used to get twenty.

**Must Close Down**  
It is no use making laws. You must close down. No Select Committee can suggest anything else than to shut it down, and it will have to be done in sections. You cannot close down the whole fishery. As Mr. Winsor said about the seal fishery, if you drop the market, it is ten chances to one you will get it back.

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It would be just the same with the lobster business. We have markets for our lobsters now which are eager to get all we can give them, but if we close down the whole country, we will find that these people will substitute some other article to take the place of lobsters, and it would be difficult to get those markets back again.

**A Substitute**  
The Japanese crab is a very cheap thing, but it is almost as large as many lobsters which are being packed now. I had some last year, and there is very little difference between them and the lobster. Of course, a man used to lobster would know the difference. These crabs can be packed and sold for \$10 a case, while our lobsters cannot be sold for less than \$30 a case, so that we will have to be careful that these do not get into our markets.

The proper thing to do would be to close down the country in sections. Put a close season on one section of the country for a couple of years, and then on another, but don't close down altogether. We cannot afford to do it. I notice by Mr. Dee's report that he says:

**What Mr. Dee Says**  
"On May 8th last I was in a settlement in Placentia Bay, arranging for the carrying out of our propagation system. A man passed in the harbor in his dory. I went to interview him. After stating my plans of collecting the egg-bearing lobsters and putting them in a reservation nearby, he expressed himself as delighted with the scheme. 'But,' said he, 'I haven't seen a spawner this year yet.' I said, 'You have two in your dory now.' This statement he denied. 'I then asked him to throw up his catch of 17 lobsters on the stage, out of which I showed him two large lobsters, one 12 and the other 12½ inches in length, each of which contained not less than 50,000 eggs, or 100,000 eggs in both. He claimed that he did not know he had them.'"

**Rather Peculiar**  
That was an other peculiar statement, that a fisherman should say that he did not have any spawning lobsters in his boat, while when the inspector examined them he found two with from 50 to 100 thousand eggs in them. I cannot understand how a fisherman could not know a male from a female lobster. The only reason I can give is that the fisherman tried to deny having any spawning lobsters because the spawn was not developed on the tail.

Of course, anybody would not be able to distinguish them, but it is very easy to discover which is which. If you attempt to identify spawning lobsters by the fact that they have spawn on their tails, you are making a great mistake, because it is only when the spawn is fully developed that it appears on the tail. They carry spawn internally.

The Inspector says: "Then there is another class of man who is dishonest enough to brush the eggs from the lobsters, where they are as lost to the stock as if they had never existed, because they had not been fully developed, according to the laws of nature, under the mother care; also, the egg bearing lobsters are generally a large quality, and bring a few cents more in the can than is being paid by the Department for their preservation, which is five cents each."

**Dishonest Act**  
That is true, too. There are men who are dishonest enough as soon as they get a lobster with developed spawn to brush the spawn off, so that it won't be discovered that they have a spawning lobster. Now, the spawning lobster fully developed has a red color while a lobster carrying undeveloped spawn is black or dark.

The Inspector goes on to say: "When we consider that the young lobster fry leads a free swimming life for about the first three weeks of its existence, near the surface of the water, like particles of dust, a prey to all the thousands of other fishes that are continually seeking food, and feasting on any live object that comes

their way, the victim of every storm and current that sweeps hither and thither against the land, all must admit that the rate of survival must be small indeed."

**Hatching Is Easy**  
Now, I pointed out in one of my speeches that it was easy to hatch the lobsters from those incubators but that, as soon as hatched, the small fish were devoured as soon as they were put in the water. It will be noticed that the Inspector bears out that statement. The whole trouble begins after they put the fry into the water.

But in Notre Dame Bay, like Placentia and Fortune Bays, the fishermen objected to having the producers taken from their own locality—in fact, they stubbornly refused to save them, unless they were near their own fishing grounds. That is a serious thing. But the fishermen are not prepared to have the lobsters collected on their grounds taken somewhere else. They want the lobsters put on their own ground, and unless you do that, they won't make any attempt to save them. They object to having the producers taken from their own locality, because they feel that if they are taken

only ten or fifteen miles away, and put in reservation, that they will never come back, and that they will never be any good to them.

**Question of Values**  
Rt. Hon. Prime Minister—But it is only the lobsters which are about to be canned that the men are asked to sell. The inspector only wants to buy the lobsters that have been caught, and are about to be canned.

Mr. Coaker—But the point is that the fishermen feel that if the lobster is taken away, it will never do him any good.

Rt. Hon. Prime Minister—Precisely, but it will do him as much good as if it were put in a can.

Mr. Coaker—Yes, but in a can he gets 10 cents for it, while the price paid for saving them is only five cents. Then, again, men are very selfish as a rule, and are not content to allow somebody twenty miles away to get the benefit of a lobster which they have caught.

**Pay More**  
I would suggest that the Inspector pay as much for the lobster as the fishermen can get elsewhere, and then the fishermen will be only too glad to save them. And if you want to be certain of getting them, then authorize the Inspector to pay more—let him pay 15 cents for the lobster instead of five.

Rt. Hon. Prime Minister—What is the value of a lobster to-day, out of the water?  
Mr. Coaker—Well, the Inspector says that it takes 179 to fill a case. That case is worth \$23.50. The expenses are only about \$2.00. So that, divide 179 into \$21.50 and you will get an idea of what a lobster is worth—about 13c. each.

Rt. Hon. Prime Minister—What was the price of lobsters twenty years ago, when you were first in the business?

Mr. Coaker—We paid 60 cents a hundred for them, and sold them for \$6 a case, so that lobsters have increased four hundred per cent. since that time, and now every man is catching his own lobsters, and that makes them more valuable to himself.

I would advise you to pay a fair price for the lobsters, and then you will find that instead of the three per cent. which Mr. Dee refers, fifty per cent. of the lobsters which are caught will be spawners.

Then Mr. Dee goes on to say: "I might say that out of the 25,450 lobsters caught by 21 packers, we collected only the above mentioned 968 egg-bearing lobsters; or 3 per cent. of the total, while in 1912 the average seeded lobster to the hundred was 8 per cent. This shows one of the two deplorable features of this fishery—either that the fishermen do not appreciate the effort that is being made to protect and foster this industry, or that as the fishery declines the source of production is becoming weaker, and that both factors are working overtime to bring about the end."

**An Illustration**  
That is Mr. Dee's report. A little further on he says:

"Here is a little illustration. Mr. John Woodman reports for 3,900 lobsters, but he only gets 28 spawners; Mr. Robert Shear's returns show 2,000 lobsters, but only 14 spawners; Mr. Henry Smith's returns show 1,500 lobsters caught, but he only found 10 spawners."

If that were a correct statement of the facts, the propagation of the lobster fishery would be a very difficult matter, but these are not the facts. The point of course is, that these men will not give in all the spawn lobsters which they catch.

(To be continued)

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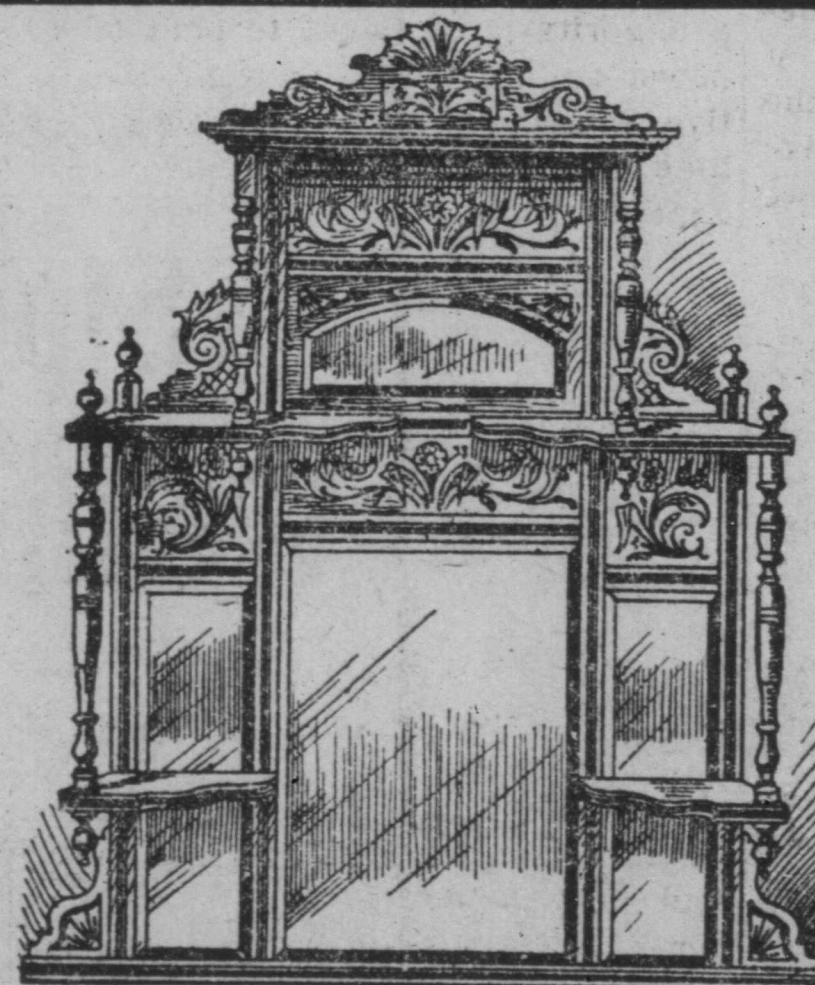
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**We Have Many Charming Models**  
—IN—  
**Children's Hats!**  
Wholesale and Retail.  
A big stock at Rock-Bottom Prices.  
—ALSO—  
**CHILDREN'S AMERICAN COTTON DRESSES!**  
**Robt. Templeton**

**CANNED MEATS!**  
are at present being quoted at a considerable advance over last years prices.  
We offer at a reasonable figure:  
**500 Cases 24 1's Cooked Corned Beef**  
**450 " 12 2's Cooked Corned Beef**  
**650 " 24 1's Roast Beef**  
**250 " 12 2's Roast Beef**  
You will save money by stocking from this shipment which was  
**Secured Before the Advance.**  
**HEARN & COMPANY**

**The Good Angel of the Balkans Is Coming To Study Our Hospitals - The First Reigning Queen Who Has Ever Set Foot On Our Shores - Othe Royal Visitors**

**T**HE first reigning queen who has ever set foot in the United States is to visit us the latter part of May and will remain for five weeks or more visiting various parts of the country east of the Mississippi river. Various royal visitors—princes, grand dukes and even reigning sovereign or two, have made official or unofficial calls upon Uncle Sam in days gone by, but Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria is the first feminine wearer of a crown to honor the republic with her presence.

Queen Eleanor is bound to interest the American people, as they come to know more regarding her. It is no too much to say that a canvass of all the ruling houses in Europe would not have disclosed another occupant of a throne who would inspire more interest and admiration than this journeyer from far-off Sofia. The explanation is found, of course, in the fact that Queen Eleanor possesses not only the glamor that attached to royalty, but also the attributes of a remarkable woman who has done things worth while entirely outside and apart from her court life.

**The Queen's Life Story.**  
Eleanor of Bulgaria, although she

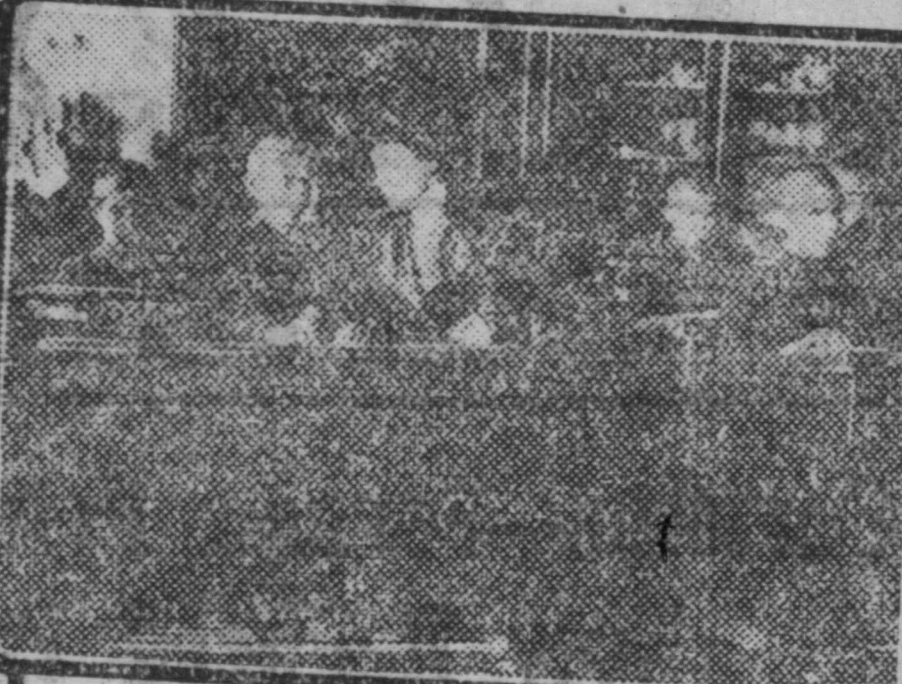
*Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria to Visit the United States*



Latest Portrait of the Queen



Queen Eleanor and the two Princesses of the Royal House of Bulgaria



Queen Eleanor Visiting one of her Bulgarian Schools



Orchestra Organized by One of her Schools



In the Role of a Nurse During the Balkan War

is about fifty-four years of age, is one of the latest additions to the list of occupants of European thrones. She was only in February, 1908, or little more than six years ago that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria married the Princess Eleanor, elder daughter of Prince Henry IV. of Reuss Kostritz, and thereby elevated her to her present position of prominence. The first wife of Ferdinand was Princess Maria Louise, daughter of the Duke of Parma, whom he had married in 1882 and who died in 1899, the day after giving birth to a princess, her fourth child.

As the story goes, she owes her crown to her long-time friendship with the Czar and Czarina of Russia. As a princess of one of the small German states whose rulers have been in power for centuries and have intermarried with all the great reigning houses of Europe, Eleanor was an inveterate traveler and spent much time in Russia, where she became fast friends with the Czar and Czarina. Naturally the bonds of this friendship were strengthened when, during the Russo-Japanese War, the Princess Eleanor in pursuance of the charitable ambitions which have always inspired her, organized and took charge of her own hospital. Through out the war she wore the uniform of

a Red Cross nurse and bore her share of the burdens of active service at the front. Back and forth she went with the armies in Manchuria, traveling on a hospital train that was frequently under fire. No wonder she received a popular ovation, as well as lavished court honors, when she returned to St. Petersburg at the close of the war. It was at this juncture that she attracted the attention of the widowed ruler of Bulgaria who was casting about as means to make secure his position on the Bulgarian throne and for opportunity to exchange his title of Prince or that of Czar. Russia had long exerted a dominant influence in Bulgaria but Russia looked rather coldly upon Ferdinand because of certain past incidents, the recital of which would make a long story. The Bulgarian ruler made frequent visits to the Russian capital, but seemed powerless to win the favor and support of his influential neighbor. One day, as rumor has it, the thought occurred to him that if he could form a matrimonial alliance with the Princess Eleanor—bosom friend of the Czarina,

he could accomplish in a day what he had striven in vain for in these many years. So this royal wedding came about in the very year that Bulgaria declared herself an independent kingdom and Prince Ferdinand was proclaimed Czar, and the royal couple have lived more or less happily ever since.

Probably Queen Eleanor could not be made to feel more at home in any of the world's capitals than she will in Washington, whither she will journey almost immediately upon landing from the steamer Kaiserin Auguste Victoria upon which she will journey from Hamburg this month. President Wilson has frequently confessed his dislike for the fuss and feathers of formal ceremonies, and in this respect he and the visiting Queen are of one mind. She cares not at all for pomp and plumage. Of course, the Queen has let it be known that she does not wish her tour of this country to be regarded as a visit of state, but for all that due honors must be paid to her, and Federal officials of democratic tendencies have sighed with relief when they found that the Queen is averse to all unnecessary ceremonial display.

**The Queen's Work During the Balkan War.**

When the full story of the recent Balkan War is written some of its brightest pages will be occupied by a recital of the heroism and self-sacrifice of Queen Eleanor in her efforts to carry relief to the wounded soldiers.

Her labors of love on the battlefield and in the cholera camp will entitle her to be known as the Florence Nightingale of the Balkans. It is related that even King Ferdinand was appalled by the lengths to which his kind-hearted wife went in her devotion to duty. As the story goes the King is in mortal terror of cholera and when the Queen returned from nursing the cholera patients at Adrianople the King placed the entire court under quarantine and would not see his royal consort for several weeks.

Nothing, however, could turn the Queen from her purpose to succor the injured and unfortunate. She organized Red Cross work in Bulgaria during the recent conflict and also took measures for the relief of the homeless and destitute who poured into the scenes of warfare. All the while she persisted in her educational work, not even allowing the exigencies of war to interfere with her management of institutions devoted to manual training, musical instruction, etc., etc. It is not too much to say that her unselfish labors in behalf of her adopted country have been largely responsible for making her husband's throne as secure as any in Europe—a marked contrast to the conditions of a few years ago, when it was considered one of the most insecure.

**Will Meet An Old Friend in America.**

Queen Eleanor, during her stay in the United States, will be much in the company of two remarkable American women. One of these is Miss Mabel Boardman, the feminine moving spirit of the American Red Cross, and the other is Madame Bakmeteff, the American wife of George Bakmeteff, Master of the Imperial Court and Russian Ambassador to the United States. In the case of Madame Bakmeteff the meeting with the Queen will be merely the renewal of an old friendship. Ambassador Bakmeteff was, for years prior to coming to the United States, stationed at Sofia as the representative of the Czar, and his influence at the Bulgarian court was so great that he was sometimes referred to as the real ruler of the little country on the Danube.

It was but natural that the Queen should be attracted to the American wife of the Russian envoy, particularly inasmuch as the two women had much in common in their broad sympathy for humanity in distress. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Queen Eleanor, who is a persistent reader, has always manifested a strong preference for books in English and thus has gained an appreciation and understanding of American sentiment and ideals possessed by many women of her rank in the other hemisphere.

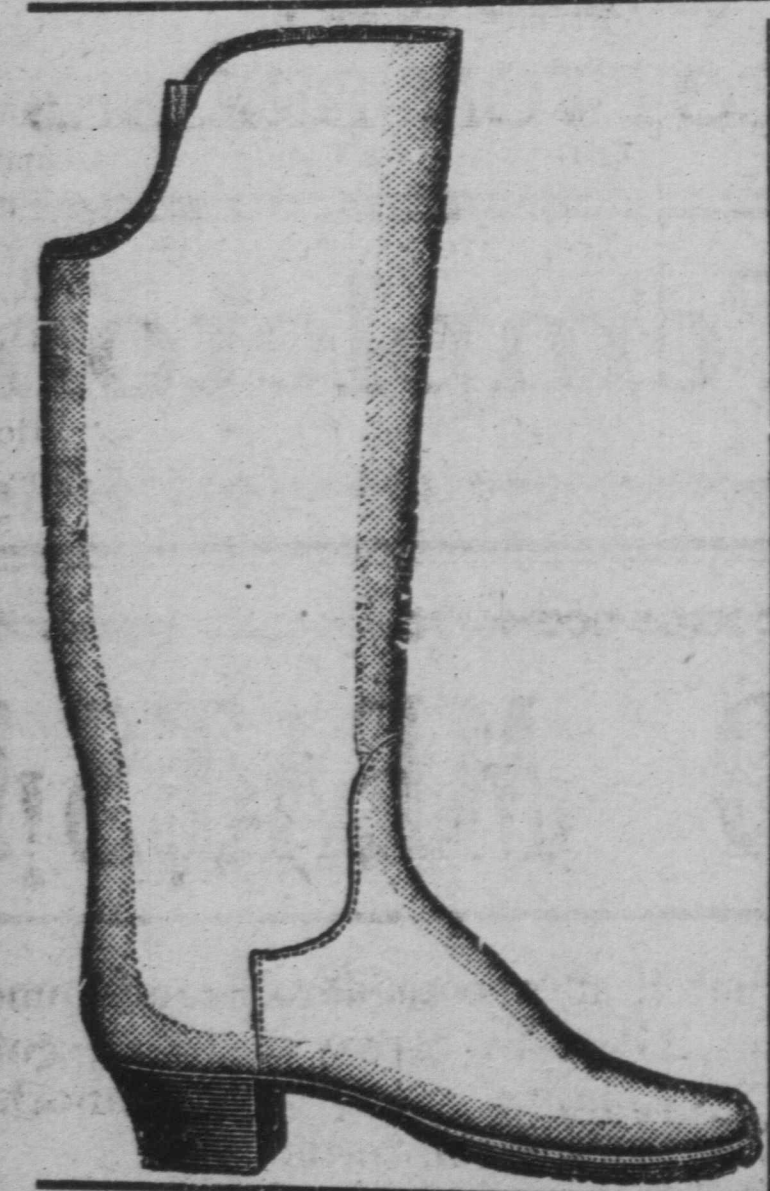
**The Fishermen's Union Trading Company, Limited.**

**Union Fishermen** We are well-stocked with the following **Fishery Supplies** which will be sold at our **Usual Low Prices**

COUNCILS will do well to order at once and state how goods are to be shipped. If by schooner, give Name and Captain, informing the Captain where to call.

Oakum, Cutch, Pitch, Resin, Tar, Turpentine, Lubricating Oils, Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil, Copper and Deck Paints, Manilla and Bass Ropes, Hemp and Cotton Lines, Hemp and Cotton Twines.

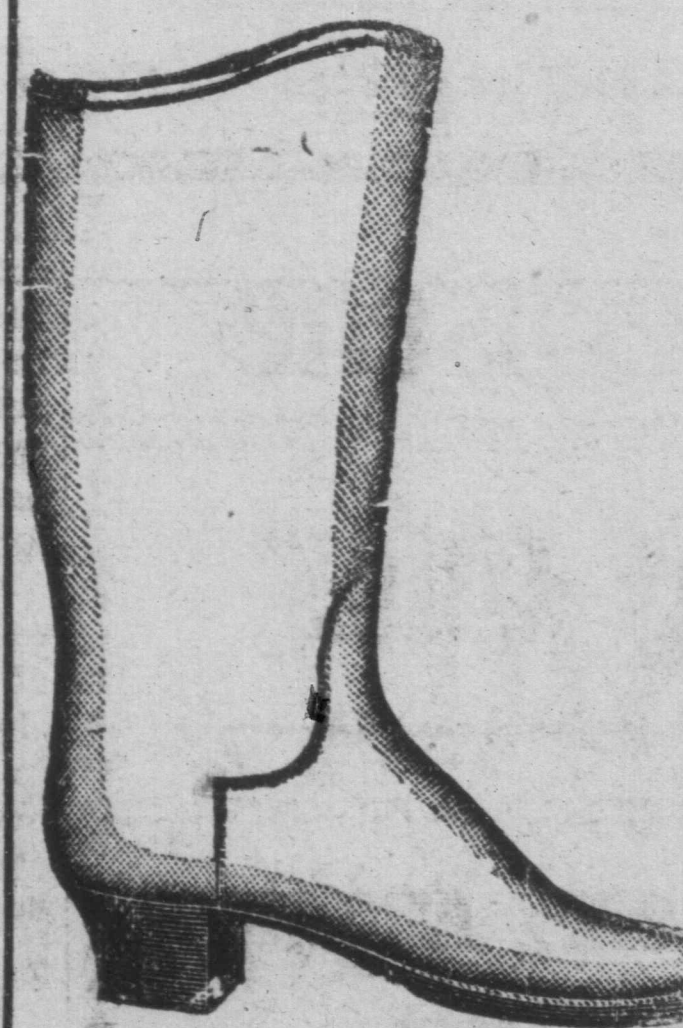
**Best Quality FISHING BOOTS in the following makes:**



**Three-Quarters, Factory Hand-made.**

**Stogas, Wellingtons.**

**Napoleon's, Factory Hand-made.**



**Extra - Good Quality Long Rubbers**

**F. P. U. Tobacco**  
In Small and Large Sticks.

**Spendid Quality Teas**  
In 20 lb. and 60 lb. Chests.

**Creamy BUTTER and other Grades**  
In 10 lb. and 20 lb. Tubs.

**High Grade Flour**  
At Rock-Bottom Prices.

The famous GOODYEAR OIL CLOTHING in Black and Yellow, Long Oil Coats, Cape Anns, Guernseys, Heavv Brown and Grey Blankets. F. P. U. Flags, 4 x 6, 6 x 9.

**The Fishermen's Union Trading Company, Limited.**

# The Battle for MILLIONS



James A. Gilmore  
Pres. Federal League



Governor  
Tener,  
President  
National  
League



Charles Weeghman,  
Principal Backer  
of the Federal League



Ben Johnson  
Pres. American  
League



Joe Tinker, Manager  
Chicago Federal League  
Team

**Bitter Fight Marks Season of 1914 By the Entrance of the Federal League - The Raid On the Teams of Organized Baseball By the Outlaws Has Played Havoc and Cost the Magnates Heavily To Hold Their Stars.**

THE baseball season of 1914 starts with added interest by the advent of a new league amply equipped with brains and money to do battle with the men who have had a monopoly in the baseball world for many years. The real fight was on early in the winter when the newcomers let it be plainly understood that they were in the fight to stay, and as far as money was concerned they had enough and more to give the men of Organized Baseball the fight of their lives.

The baseball season is now less than a week old and already the effect of the new league's debut has been felt. Teams that were looked upon in the winter as sure winners of pennants in their respective leagues, according to all the laws of dope and form that is, have been shot to pieces by the raids the newcomers made on their playing forces.

The American League was less hard hit than the older body. This perhaps, may account for the attitude Ben Johnson, president of the American, has taken from the first, for it will be remembered, he said there was ample room for another league. It is well known that the American League, under the guidance of Johnson, who has been installed for life and clothed with all the powers of a Czar, has prospered better than the National which, until the election of Governor Tener, was torn by internal dissensions and its

fifty-seven varieties of presidents were little more than figureheads. The National was ruled by the little clique of magnates and the head of the body was but a puppet in their hands. When they pulled their strings he danced, and it mattered not whether he liked it or not. Tener, as president, doubtless will correct all this.

**Play Ball! The Glad Cry.**

But the season is on now, and that time-worn but ever welcome cry "Play Ball" has resounded through the breadth and length of the land, bringing joy to the hearts of millions of fans. Of course all eyes are focused on the Feds. Sporting writers at first hostile to the new league, and seemingly dominated by the influence of the older bodies, were prone to make fun of the newcomer. They have changed their tune now, for with the millions of dollars that are behind the Feds they are an organization that must be reckoned with, and they have spent too much money already to even consider the proposition to sell out to the older bodies. They want recognition and they will get it. This may not come this year, but the time is not far distant when both Ben Johnson and Governor Tener will be glad to approach the camp of the enemy beneath the folds of their flag of truce and seek some scheme by which the raid on their playing forces can be obviated, thereby bringing playing salaries to a saner level.

Of course the players have profited tremendously by the new order of things. Joe Tinker, the first of the real stars to jump from Organized Baseball into the camp of the outlaws, only did so when a fabulous sum was guaranteed him as player-manager of the Chicago Feds. Otto Knabe left the Phillies to pilot the Baltimores under the all-wise guidance of Ned Hanlon, at a salary far in excess of what he ever dreamed of earning in Quakerstown. He took others with him and all went at big increases.

In order to hold players that the Feds had made overtures to, the men of Organized Baseball were compelled to guarantee salaries on long contracts in excess of anything they ever contemplated. Tris Speaker, for instance, upon his return from the world tour with the Giants and White Sox was re-signed by his Boston manager at a salary said to be the highest ever given a player. The sum reported is to be \$15,000 a year. The honor of paying the biggest salaries, however, has been disputed by several of the magnates of the older bodies. Navin asserts that Ty Cobb, of his Detroit team, is still the highest paid player in the world. The contention also is made that John McGraw, in making out his income tax returns, took oath to the fact that his annual salary as manager of the Giants is \$20,000 a year. His contract has several years to run yet. Tinker's salary is in the neighborhood of \$15,000 a year and he received a big cash bonus for signing.

**Opening Gun Is Fired.**

The loss of Tinker to the Cincinnati and Brooklyn teams was the opening gun fired in the baseball war. Tinker was sold to the Brooklyn team for \$25,000, and of this sum \$5,000 was to go to the player as a bonus for signing his contract with the Ebbers club. The money was paid to Cincinnati but Tinker balked and then came one of the biggest bombs ever fired in baseball ranks. Ebbers was out his money and the several players he was to toss into the trade, and Cincinnati was without the man it was to give. The matter was finally adjusted on some basis and Wilbert Robinson came from the Giants, where he had officiated as McGraw's chief aide and trainer of pitchers, to take charge of the Brooklyn team. Herzog was sold by the Giants to Cincinnati and he is piloting the Reds.

The baseball situation as it now stands is this: The National League is entrenched in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. The American is lined up in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis.

The Federals have installed themselves in Brooklyn, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and Buffalo in the East, and Indianapolis, St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City in the West.

From the foregoing it can be seen that the National League is hardest hit as far as competition goes. The Feds oppose the National in Brooklyn and Pittsburgh, where heretofore the National had things all their own way in those cities. The baseball patronage of Chicago and St. Louis must now be divided between three clubs. There is not a field that the American League clubs exclusively controlled that the invaders have entered, which may be construed as another indication that some understanding existed between Ben Johnson and the outlaws. It might be doing Johnson an injustice to even hint such a thing, but all strains point that way.

**Good Men As Pilots.**

It is interesting to note that the eight Federal League teams are in charge of shrewd men to guide their

American League have forty-one established organizations, feeders of talent to the major circuits which Gilmore must count as powerful aids to the two big bodies now opposing him. It has already cost Organized Baseball \$400,000 to uphold its end. To the club owners in the association of minor leagues the National and American leagues paid \$371,000 for young players last season. Some of these are now in the big league, destined to travel onward and upward in the path Organized Baseball points out, but others, rather than go back to the "minors" heeded the lure of the Feds and are receiving good salaries and will make good. Organized Baseball represents investments of upwards of \$10,000,000 and this does not include contracts with players which could be turned into big cash sums at a moment's notice. Minor league players, in upwards of 500 cities controlled by Organized Baseball, draw salaries aggregating more than \$400,000 a month during the playing season. It costs more than \$150,000 to operate a major league team for one season, this sum being far below the expenses of a team with pennant aspirations, or one encountering reverses outside the won and lost columns of the league standings.

**Gilmore Has No Fear.**

But Mr. Gilmore proudly proclaims that he has fifty million dollars behind him and that he intends to give Organized Baseball a battle it never expected from a body of less than two years old.

An announcement made by Mr. Gilmore a day or two before his playing season opened shows just how the teams are being financed and the men in each city who are behind the movement. They are all representative citizens and the prediction is further made that one of the citi now in the circuit will be bought out next year and that New York will take its place. In fact the Feds have an option on contracts in the big cities and these are admirably located as far as transportation facilities are concerned.

**Big Job Ahead of Him.**

Study the cold hard figures of finance revealed in pages from the history of Organized Baseball and you will gain some conception of the task undertaken by Fighting Jim Gilmore when he accepted the presidency of the Federal League. Forty-three circuits operate under the protection of the National Baseball Agreement, which means that his two chief opponents, the National and the

**AT THE NICKEL TO-DAY!**

**2 Reels---IN THE DAYS OF WAR---2 Reels.**

Produced by The Pathe Company, in 2 reels. A powerful drama of the civil war. Vivid scenes of battle surrounded by a strong story.

**OFF THE ROAD.**

A Gripping dramatic portrayal by the Vitagraph players, featuring that sterling actor, Rodger L. Lytton.

**WILLIAMSON'S ANIMATED NEWS.**

The British weekly, with interesting events from near and far. **JONES GOES SHOPPING.** A very funny comedy.

MISS ETTA GARDNER, novelty songs. WALTER J. McCARTHY, Ballads. MISS KITTY RING, at the Piano. JOSEPH ROSS, realism--effects.

WEDNESDAY--THE PRIEST AND THE MAN, from the going of White Swan, by Sir Gilbert Parker.

**You are sure of a Good Show all the time at THE NICKEL.**

# SALT. SALT. SALT!

## Union Members

Can be supplied with any quantity of SALT Cadiz and Santa Polo.

**PRICES LOWEST IN THE MARKET!**

**Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Limited**

# Stoves! Stoves!

Tinware! Tinware!

We have received a shipment of

## STOVES

"Star Stirling," "Improved Success," "Improved Standard."

We also carry a large stock of

**Tin Kettles, Boats Kettles, Measures and Funnels.**

Local Councils and Union Stores requiring such goods should order at once.

**Fishermen's Union Trading Co., Limited.**

**REPORT OF THE COMPTROLLER AND AUDITOR GENERAL**

Under Section 33 (b) of the Audit Act For The Period Ending December 31st, 1913.

(Continued from Saturday)

**Increase and New Appointments, Telegraph Department.**

- G. R. Lindsay, Counter Clerk, G.P.O., Central Office; present salary \$800, increase \$300.
- Alfred Rees, Central Office; \$500, increase \$100.
- Chesley Colton, Delivery Clerk, G.P.O., Central Office; present salary \$450, increase \$50.
- Daisy Myrick, Gertrude Targett, Bride Murphy, Katie O'Driscoll, Madge O'Driscoll, Gertrude Ryan, Blanche Martin, M. F. Hartigan, operators, Central Station; present salary \$420 each, increase \$60 each.
- B. M. Anthony, Operator, Central Office; present salary \$420, increase \$420.
- W. J. Ashley, Operator, Court House Office; present salary \$500, increase \$500.
- Kenneth Puke, Operator, Rawlins' Cross; present salary \$80, increase \$480.
- Allan M. Fraser, Operator, King's Wharf; present salary \$660, increase \$60.
- W. Mitchell, Counter Clerk Relieving; present salary \$500, increase \$50.
- Harry Willar, Operator, Rawlins' Cross; present salary; \$480, increase \$120.
- Michael Bonia, Operator, Central; present salary \$480, increase \$120.
- H. R. Rowsell, Operator, Central; present salary \$420, increase \$420.
- Genevieve Cleary, Operator, Riverhead; present salary \$240, increase \$240.
- John J. Shea, Clerk, Riverhead; present salary \$180, increase \$180.
- J. J. Hefferman, Phone Clerk, Central; present salary \$360, increase \$360.
- John Mullins, Clerk, King's Wharf; present salary \$200, increase \$20.
- William Morris, Clerk, Court House; present salary \$200, increase \$20.
- James Escott, H. F. Butler, William Phelan, Wm. F. Day, Office Tenders, Central; present salary \$200 each, increase \$20 each.
- Archibald Locke, Morgan Gallop,

**TO THE EDITOR.**

**CALLS IT MEAN**

(Editor Mail and Advocate.)

Dear Sir,—Some little time ago the authorities dismissed an orphan girl from the post office at White Rock. The people consider the action a very mean one. The girl's father, who died about three years ago, had been postmaster here for a number of years.

We understand that the Postmaster-General has been asked to appoint a man residing here to the post office. We do not think that this should be done. The Postmaster-General would perform a good act if he would retain this poor girl in the post office. As for qualifications, everybody here thinks that she is quite capable of doing the work satisfactorily.

—R. S.

# COAL!

We have just landed a small vessel's cargo of extra good quality, and have another cargo due to-day

Also in stock and to arrive.

**PICKETS, RAILS, POSTS, BIRCH JUNKS ETC.**

**W. H. HYNES.**

**TALK IS CHEAP—**

Advertising is also very cheap, if carried in the right medium. The Mail and Advocate is the Can't Lose paper now. Must be true. Everybody's talking. It's not the price you pay but the returns you get.

Gerald Jackson, Wm. Connolly, Cecil Parsons, Alex. Kinsman, Wm. St. Croix, additional messengers; present salary \$120 each, increase \$120 each,

